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"The World's Sweet Inn
From Pain and Wearisome Turmoil."
Spenser

THE

False Friend:

OR, THE

TREACHEROUS *PORTUGUEZE.*

A

NOVEL.

Interſperſed with the Adventures of

LORENZO *and* ELVIRA.
CARLOS *and* LEONORA.
OCTAVIO *and* CLARA.

Written by a LADY.

LONDON:
Printed for T. ASTLEY, at the *Roſe* over-againſt the North Door of St. *Paul*'s.
MDCCXXXII.

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TO THE

HONOURABLE

THE

Lady *SLINGSBY*.

Madam,

WHen I first design'd this little Book for the Press, I was not resolv'd to write a Dedication to it, first, Because I knew I should suddenly be remov'd to a part of the Kingdom where I had very little

Int'reſt; and next, I wanted a Patroneſs whoſe Merits I might enlarge upon, without the fulſom fault of Flattery.

But Fortune, who had a long time ow'd me a good turn, at laſt, to my great ſatisfaction, paid me largely, by giving me the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Acquaintance; and then I was no longer at a loſs where to beſtow thoſe Encomiums, which are not only expected in a Dedication, right or wrong, but what are undeniably your due.

I know it would be the work of a Volume to write at large upon ſo copious a ſubject: And I likewiſe know

your

your Ladyſhip's Modeſty would not bear what I want not Will nor Power (back'd with the greateſt Juſtice) to ſay. For theſe Reaſons I muſt limit my Pen, and confine my ſelf but to a part of your Character; the whole of which is already ſo well known to your advantage, that all I can ſay will only look like a vain pretence to ſomething new, which the World is already acquainted with. However, I cannot forbear to ſay, that among all the Obſervations I have made at all times, and in all places, I never met with any Perſon of your Ladyſhip's Qua-

Quality, ſo compleatly dreſs'd in the two greateſt Ornaments of our Sex, true good Humour, and Humility to a Miracle; the which has encouraged me to lay an inſignificant Trifle at your Ladyſhip's Feet. I could have gone on with an *Infinitum* upon the Subject, which I am now to lay by: Yet here I have loſt my ſelf, and muſt own I want Words to Apologize for ſo bold an undertaking. Had my *Genius* qualifi'd me for the Writing of ſuch Books as I know your Ladyſhip always entertains your ſelf with, I ſhould then have had hopes of a kind Reception: But

that

that is a Work with which I never durſt meddle, ſince I knew of neceſſity it muſt ſuffer in ſuch unskilful hands.

However, I hope your Ladyſhip will be pleaſed to give your ſelf time to run over the *Falſe Friend*; where, tho' there be no Divinity, yet is there nothing inconſiſtent with Modeſty and good Morality.

I am, Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obliged, humble,

and devoted Servant

Dedication.

THE PREFACE

THIS now for some time that Writings of this kind have been a great deal out of use and fashion; and that the Ladies (for whose Service they were chiefly design'd) have been taken up with Amusements of more Use and Improvement, I mean History and Travels, with which, the relation of probable feigned Stories can by no means stand in competition. However, these are not without their Advantages, and those considerable too. And I believe the chief reason that put them out of Vogue, was, the World's being surfeited with such as were either flat and insipid, or offensive to Modesty and good Manners; or that they

they found them only a Circle and Repetition of the same Adventures. The French, *who have dealt most in this kind, have, I think, chiefly contributed to put them out of Countenance; who, tho' upon all occasions, and even where they pretend to write true History, give themselves the utmost liberty of feigning, are too tedious and dry in their Matter, and so impertinent in their Harangues, that a Reader can hardly keep himself awake over them. I have read a* French *Novel of four hundred Pages, without the least variety of Events, or any Issue in the Conclusion, either to please or amuse the Reader, yet all Fiction and Romance: And the commonest Matters of Fact, truly told, would have been much more entertaining. Now, this is to lose the only Advantage of Invention, which gives us room to order Acci-*

dents

dents better than Fortune will be at the pains to do: So to work upon the Reader's Passions, sometimes keep him in suspence between Fear and Hope, and at last send him satisfied away. This I have endeavoured to do in the following Story. I have proposed one entire Scheme or Plot, and the other Adventures are only incident or collateral to it; which is the great Rule prescribed by the Criticks, not only in Tragedy, and other Heroick Poems, but in Comedy too. The Adventures, as far as I could order them, are wonderful, and probable. And I have with the utmost Justice rewarded Vertue, and punish'd Vice. I confess, that the Ground-work of this Story being generally true, I have not been always so well able to preserve the unity of it; but that I shall make amends for at another time, and on another Subject.

For

For the rest, I think if by any such endeavours we could a little restore the Purity and the Empire of Love, and correct the vile Abuses of it, it would be an important Service to the Publick? for since Passions will ever have a place in the Actions of Men, and Love a principal one, what cannot be removed or subdued, ought at least to be regulated. And if the Reformation would once begin from our Sex, the Men would follow it in spight of their Hearts; for it is we who have given up our Empire, betray'd by Rebels among our selves.

But this is too large a Subject to handle in a Preface; and I may take a more convenient time to do it at large.

THE

THE FALSE FRIEND:

OR THE

Treacherous *Portugueze.*

WITHIN the Kingdom of *Spain*, there dwelt a Gentleman called *Gonſalvo*, of a large Eſtate and a very fair Character; who married the Daughter of a wealthy Neighbour, a Woman of incomparable Vertue, and the moſt remarkable for Wit and Beauty of any in or about the Place ſhe lived in, her Fortune was anſwerable to the reſt of her Qualifications, and there was not a Bleſſing left for her Husband to

wiſh which did not center in her, except that of Children; the want of which put a ſtop to all their Comforts, and gave them both a diſreliſh of what they otherwiſe injoy'd. *Gonſalvo* tho' he loved his Wife more than any tranſitory good, yet his Diſappointments got above his Joys, and he grew extreamly Melancholy for want of an Heir. His Wife *Elvira* took it no leſs to Heart than he, tho' ſhe made not ſo great a ſhew of her Diſcontent; but being a Woman of much Prudence ſeem'd to carry it with Patience and Submiſſion; and told her Husband, ſhe hoped he would not Love her leſs for what was ſo much out of her Power to prevent: He told her, no, ſhe ſhould always find he had it in his will and inclination to uſe her well, and nothing, ſaid he, ſhall ever have force

enough

enough to make me have so much as a thought of you which is not all Love. Thus they Lived for some Years, without what they so much wished for; at last when they'd given over all thought and expectation of a Child, *Elvira* Conceived, to the great satisfaction of this wishing Couple; she was in due time delivered of a Daughter, which would have given the Father a content equal to his former wishes, had not the Death of his beloved Wife prevented it, who lived not above three Days after her Birth. *Gonsalvo* was under the greatest concern for her, and often wished, he had never desired that little Blessing which was left him, or that he had it in his power to exchange what he possest for what he had lost, which only served to shew him and the World the instability of humane

Nature, which is never at a ſtay, nor content with what it has, but is ſtill greedily wiſhing for thoſe things, the grant of which proves very often its greateſt diſquiet.

When *Gonſalvo* had paid a due tribute of Tears to the Memory of *Elvira*, he began to think of giving his Daughter a Name, and was not long reſolving on that of her Mothers: *Elvira* therefore was ſhe call'd; and as ſhe had her Name, ſo had ſhe all the ſigns of being, in time, Miſtriſs of her Merits, two which gave the Diſconſolate *Gonſalvo* a great deal of joy, and he deſired no other Diverſion than the innocent prattle of his little Favourite, on whom he beſtowed all that Love which her dead Mother had left behind her, and becauſe he was reſolved to ſpend the remaining part of his Days in

Solitude

Solitude, he made choice of a Country Retirement, where he hoped to live free from the many Impertinences which Daily tormented him where he was. To this place he carries the young and beautiful *Elvira*, with a design to Confine her to a Country Life, no longer than till her riper Years and Inclinations desired a remove. And thus he spent a considerable part of his time without any Interruption, neither giving nor receiving Visits to or from any Body except one Gentleman with whom he had, when very young, Contracted a firm and lasting Friendship. This Man (whose name was *Alvarea*) *Gonsalvo* saved from Death; for being one Day from home, and riding by a River-side he saw a Man in the Water struggling for Life, to whose help he went, and fancied him to have

been an unskilful Swimmer, but afterwards finding him in his Cloaths, he immediately concludes, that either his own Despair or the the Malice of some other Person had thrown him in. When he had by his careful endeavours brought him back to Life and his Senses, he began to inquire how he came there, but found the Man so much displeased at his Deliverance, that he would give him no other answer than what served to express his Resentments; an Ingratitude for the kindness he had done him: which confirm'd *Gonsalvo* in his Opinion, that he had thrown himself in with a design to come out no more; however he still persisted in his care of him, and made him an offer of his Horse to carry him to the next Town, where he might have conveniencies for drying his Cloaths,

Cloaths, and getting ſome inward refreſhment. When the other ſaw *Gonſalvo* would not leave him, he began to come a little to himſelf, and aſked his Pardon for the rude return he had made to all his trouble, and with much ſeeming unwillingneſs accepted of the Propoſals he had made. They accordingly went to the next Town, where *Gonſalvo* again importunes his Companion to let him know the cauſe of his being in the Water. At laſt he briefly tells him, that he has a younger Brother which has always met with greater incouraagement from both Father and Mother than he has done, and he being ſenſible that the Eſtate muſt not be his, has made it his whole ſtudy to procure by Falſhood and Lyes, what my Birthright ſaid he has denied him. And having made ſeveral

ill Sories of me to my Father, and finding none of them had the effect he wiſhed for, he adviſes with an evil Counſellor he had, and they betwixt them made up the following Lye, which they delivered to my Father, and which he too readily believed. They had been a long time preparing him for the preſent buſineſs; and one Day, when they found him melancholy, they thought his mind was fitteſt to receive what they had been ſo long preparing for him, and then told him how opportunely Heaven had ſent them to find out my Villany; for, ſaid my wicked Brother, I have long ſuſpected him of ſome ill deſign againſt you, and ſeeing him go out with two Fellows, whoſe looks I liked not, I call'd upon my Freind here, who went along with me, and we follow'd them to a Place fit only for the

the Contrivance of such an Undertaking; where we overheard all their wicked Intentions; which is no less than to take away your Life, to make Room for my Brother; and this is to be done without delay, if not as speedily prevented.

This Story my Father hearkens to, and believes it; he sends for me, and reproaches me with a Crime I knew nothing of; all I could say in my own Defence was of no weight with him, he immediately Commands me from his House, and sight, never to come within either more, upon pain of the severest Chastisements. I soon found my younger Brothers Projects had taken effect against me, and I knew him too well to believe he would lose one inch of that Ground he had gain'd: I therefore ran to the Place where you

found me, having no hopes of recovering my Father's Favour; and had not you prevented me, I had ſtifled all my Wrongs and laid my ſelf down in a quiet Repoſe. *Gonſalvo*, when he had heard the Gentleman's Story out, took him home to his own Houſe, and kept him till he heard of that Juſtice which in a little time overtook his Brother; who going a hunting fell from his Horſe and daſh'd his Brains out againſt the ſide of a Rock. When he was gone, the Father thought he had been Childleſs, for he knew not where his Son *Alvaria* was, till *Gonſalvo* went to him and firſt Undecieved him, and then made his Sons Peace, and brought him to his Father.

When *Alvarea* ſaw himſelf reeſtabliſh'd in his Fathers Favour, and no farther fear of loſing it, he

he began in earneſt to thank *Gonſalvo* for the care he had taken of his Preſervation, and from that time vow'd an everlaſting Freindſhip.

This was the Man whom *Gonſalvo* was pleaſed to ſee at all times, he alone was welcome to him in his Retirements, and to him he imparted all the Secrets of his Soul. Mean while *Elvira* grew apace, and as her Years increaſed ſo did her Beauty too. Her Wit was great, and her Humour good, which gain'd her the Love and Admiration of all that ſaw and converſed with her; and tho' very few were admitted to Viſit her, her Qualifications was ſo great that ſhe was (tho' not twelve Years of Age) the diſcourſe of all the Country.

Her Mother had left one Siſter behind her, whoſe name was *Emi-*

lia

lia, and who had only one Son, and he abroad. This Lady had the greateſt deſire in the World to have her Niece with her, well knowing ſhe could not make any Improvements where ſhe was; and ſhe had often Written to her Father for his Conſent, but found his Anſwers ſtill againſt her wiſhes. However at laſt *Gonſalvo* began to conſider that it would be very much for her advantage to be with one whoſe Care he knew would equal his, and whoſe Example and Advice in matters of Behaviour, muſt needs exceed any thing ſhe could learn where ſhe was; he therefore reſolves in a Year or two more to let her go; for it was a matter of ſuch Conſequence to him, that loved his Child ſo well, that he could not think of parting with her of a ſudden. Some Months after he had

had urgent occaſions to go from home, which was very contrary to his Inclinations; and becauſe he thought every thing ſafe that was under *Alvarea*'s Protection, he left his Houſe and Daughter to his Care till his return: But as ſoon as one began his Journey, the other began his Wickedneſs; and, pulling off the Mask, he appeared bare-fac'd to the Innocent *Elvira*, who had never defil'd her Thoughts with any thing ſo baſe as his Deſigns. He began by degrees to inſinuate himſelf into her Favour, and firſt by one Stratagem, and then another, ſtrove to work her into a liking of him. He was at beſt very ugly, and was ſome Years older than her Father, which made him, no doubt, very diſagreeable: She was wholly unskil'd in the Art of Diſſembling her ſelf, and that made it the harder for her to find

find out an old Practitioner. The worſt ſhe thought of all he ſaid, was, that he would have her Marry him without her Father's knowledge, and that ſhe thought made a very wide Breach in that Friendſhip he had always pretended to; but when ſhe came to underſtand him right, her juſt Reſentments took place of every thing; and ſhe made him ſuch an Anſwer as would have left him very little hopes, had not he had a greater ſhare of Impudence than Reaſon; but the former was ſo powerful, that it made him perſiſt in his Deviliſh Attempt, which aim'd at nothing leſs than the ruine of the moſt Beautiful Creature upon Earth. However, her own Vertues, as well as his want of Merit, ſecured her; and ſhe took all manner of Care to keep from his ſight and Company: But he, who knew

her

her Father would not be much longer away, and that she would certainly tell him all at his return, was resolved to lose his Friend for something; and therefore one Day he watched her going into the Garden, and, unseen of any body, follows her to an Arbour, where she had shaded her self from the Sun. In the mean time her Father returns, and calls for his Daughter and his Friend. *Elvira* he hears is in the Garden, but none could give any account of *Alvarea*; his impatience to see her makes him the Messenger to bring her in; but when he came near to the place where they were, he hears his undaunted *Elvira* say,

No, base *Alvarea*, tho' my tender Years has given you encouragement to make your lascivious Attempts upon me, yet know, Villain as thou art, I would submit with

with pleaſure to ten thouſand Deaths, rather than yield to thy damnable Propoſals; and if I muſt never ſee my Father more without the forfeit of my Honour, aſſure your ſelf I will ſooner chooſe to give up Life and Him, than once encourage the leaſt thought that ſhould injure either him or my ſelf; and do not depend upon my Age for ſucceſs, for as young as I am I know how to value my ſelf, and ſcorn the baſeneſs of thy offers. Oh! where are my Father's Eyes, that he has not read thy Guilt in thy falſe Looks? Did he but know what a Friend thou art, he would ſend thee to Hell to ſeek thy own Likeneſs; for on Earth nothing is of ſo black a die. Go, Monſter, leave thy Helliſh Deſigns, and rid me of a Face which bodes nothing but damnation to all that comes near it.

Here

Here she got from her Seat, and would have gone, but the wicked *Alvarea* held her, saying, Stay, *Elvira*, for you shall hear me tell you the Cause why I have thus accosted you. I well knew, if I had asked you of your Father, he would have denied me; and I found it was impossible to see you and not to Love; if therefore you will consent to be mine upon honourable Terms, I will press you no farther to what I find you have an Aversion; if not, you must expect nothing but Force to ensue: If you will comply, you know I have it in my Power to make you all you can wish to be; if not, remember, I have an equal Power to chastise your Pride: You have very few Minutes to determine, therefore pronounce your own Doom, whether you will be always Happy or always Miserable.

Villain,

Villain, said she, *thou canst not make me either happy or miserable, thy Promises and Threats make the same Impression upon me, and I fear one, as little as I value the other; therefore, once more, Satyr, leave me and go and do thy worst.*

No, said he, *I must stay to do my worst; and since fair means will not do, I will try what force will do; therefore no resistance, for all opposition is vain:* And taking her roughly by the Arm he pull'd her to the Ground, where, notwithstanding her cries, he must have gain'd his end, had not her Father been near enough to come to her rescue; which he did with a Resentment and Fury answerable to the desert of the base Ravisher. *Hold, Villain*, said he, *and turn to an Enemy that is able to withstand thee. Alvarea*, who at best had very little Courage, was so surprized,

prized, to see *Gonsalvo* a witness to his Fault, that he lost even his Impudence, and durst not so much as look up; he knew his Cause was very bad, and therefore falling on his Knees, he poorly beg'd his Life, without once drawing his Sword in defence of it. *Go*, said *Gonsolvo*, *thou basest part of the Creation, thou False Friend; go, and live to be thy own Tormentor; but go quickly, lest the sight of my abused Daughter stir me up to new Revenge. I scorn to reproach thee with the good I have done thee, or take that Life I gave thee once already; only I desire thee, as the best return thou canst make me, never to see me more.* *Alvarea* knew his Fault too great to hope for Pardon, and therefore staid not to ask it, but thought it his wisest, as well as safest way to retire, which he did with the greatest disorder.

The

The poor frighted *Elvira* ſtood almoſt motionleſs, when a Servant came and told *Gonſalvo*, his Siſter *Emilia* was juſt alighted. This News gave her new Life, and ſhe prepared to meet her Aunt with the greateſt tranſports of Joy. *Emilia* told her Brother ſhe had often ſent to him by Letter for his conſent to let her have her Niece; but finding no ſuitable return ſhe was now cõme her ſelf with a reſolution to take no denial, nor to ſtir till ſhe went with her. To which *Gonſalvo*, with ſome unwillingneſs, conſented tho' he kept them ſome Months in ſuſpence. At laſt *Emilia* ſet forward with the lovely *Elvira*, and got ſafe home. *And now, my dear* Elvira, ſaid her fond Aunt, *I hope you will be eaſie with your change; for tho' you have left a moſt indulgent Father, you are with one whoſe love*

for

for you is nothing less than that of the tenderest Mother; and I know not who stands fairest for my Love, you or my only Son Lorenzo. *This, I hope, Time will convince you is true. Madam,* said *Elvira, Time cannot convince me, it can only confirm me in the great Opinion I have already of your Goodness. And I hope I shall never forfeit that Love you have promised me, by any Action to your dislike. Elvira* continued with her Aunt three whole Years, during which time, her Cozen *Lorenzo* was in *France*, he was six Years older than she; and she was now almost Sixteen, and had sent away as many sighing Lovers. Among the crowd of her Adorers was one *Sebastian*, a *Portugueze*, who was a Man of a considerable Figure; and served the King in an honourable Post: This Man laid closer Siege to *Elvira* than

than he had ever done to a Town, and with as little Succeſs; for tho' he addreſſed himſelf to her with all the ſoftning Arguments of Love, and took hold of all opportunities to pleaſe her, yet all he ſaid and did was received with the coldneſs of a North-Wind, which blaſted all his Hopes. He ſaw himſelf heartily deſpiſed, and met with nothing but diſdain in *Elvira*'s Looks; yet, like a beſotted Lover, did he daily perſiſt in his fruitleſs Attempts, as if he were fond of being ill uſed and ſcorn'd.

She who was almoſt worried with his troubleſome Love, had (for a little breathing time) withdrawn her ſelf to a Friend's Houſe for a few Days; and while ſhe was there, her Cozen *Lorenzo* return'd from Travel, and brought, in himſelf, a moſt compleat Gentleman, to the Arms of a tranſported Mo-

ther.

ther. *Emilia*, whose extream Love for *Elvira* made her disrelish all Pleasure, of which she had not a share, sent immediately away for her, to make her a Partner in her Joy. And *Lorenzo*, who had often heard of this Miracle of Beauty, mightily wished to see her. At last she came, and presented *Lorenzo* with such a sight as he himself did own, he had never seen abroad. He was not a Man of an amorous fond Temper, but had always been very indifferent to Women in general; but when he saw his lovely Cozen, he began to think again, and own'd he was proud of such a Relation. While they were entertaining one another, the impatient *Sebastian*, who had heard of *Elvira*'s return, came to receive another repulse; and, like a timorous Lover sees and fears *Lorenzo*; he looks upon him already as a most

moſt dangerous Enemy, and no longer doubts but he ſhall find him a powerful Rival.

However, he made his Addreſſes as before, and kept a continual watch over all their Words and Actions: And thus, for ſeveral Days every thing went on as it uſed to do, till at laſt *Lorenzo*, in ſpight of his Indifference for the fair Sex, began to have a little uneaſineſs at the frequent Viſits of *Sebaſtian*, and asked his Mother, one Day, whether his Cozen had any Favour for him: She ſaid, *She could never perceive that ſhe had*; *for which*, ſaid ſhe, *I am very ſorry, his Circumſtances being very conſiderable: And pray*, continued ſhe, *try what your Intereſt and Perſwaſions can do with her, you ſeem to have an averſion to Marriage your ſelf, and therefore you need make no ſcruple of adviſing her*

her to another. That Argument, said he, *is not good, for the greater my own Averſion is to a thing, the harder it is for me to perſwade a Perſon I love to it. But to let you ſee I have brought you home the ſame Duty which I took abroad with me, I will this Day do all I can towards making* Elvira *a Wife.* And in order to a performance of that Promiſe, as ſoon as they had Din'd he took his Cozen by the Hand, and led her into the *Terras-Walks*, and told her he was deſirous to know what encouragement ſhe had given *Sebaſtian.* She ſaid, She had never given him any, but, on the contrary, all the ſlights and ill uſage in the World. *But pray,* ſaid ſhe, *what have you ſeen in my Carriage towards him, that gives you cauſe to ſuſpect I have encouraged him. You have never done any thing,* ſaid he, *that has given*

me the leaſt ſuſpicion to your diſad-vantage; but my Mother's deſire is, that you may love Sebaſtian; *and ſhe has laid her Commands upon me to perſwade you to it. What then,* ſaid the half angry *Elvira, it is your deſire, I find, as much as my Aunt's?*

No, ſaid *Lorenzo, it is my deſire that you may never love him; and tho' I promiſed my Mother I would uſe all the prevailing Arguments I was Maſter of, to perſwade you to a married Life (and ſhe, without doubt, underſtood that all my endeavours were to be upon* Sebaſtian's *ſcore) yet I had a reſerve for my ſelf; and it is on my own behalf that I ſue for a promiſe of that happineſs which none but you can grant me. In ſhort,* Elvira, *you have gain'd a Conqueſt which, were you leſs fair, I ſhould be aſham'd of, but that Face and Humour has pur-*

chaſed

chaſed me my own Pardon; and I am proud and pleaſed to ſay, I love: therefore till you can with pleaſure ſee me die, you muſt reſolve to love none but me.

Elvira, who found her Charms had done what ſhe moſt wiſhed for, was reſolved to tyrannize a little over a poor Creature, whom above her Life ſhe loved; and with the greateſt force upon her Inclinations ſhe made him this Anſwer:

Cozen, ſaid ſhe, *you have very much ſurprized me with what you have ſaid, I thought I ſhould have been very ſecure from the Importunities of Love, while I was with you, ſince you have always expreſſed the greateſt diſlike to it; but I flatter my ſelf, that all you have ſaid has been only to try how eaſily you could gain a Heart, which has made ſo many victorious defences againſt all aſſaults of that kind. This,*

I hope, for your own ſake, is all you deſign, ſince ſhould you really love me your Caſe would be very deſperate; for I have it not in my power to make you the leaſt return. I ſhall always love you, as the Son of her that has been a Mother to me; and ſhall upon all occaſions catch at every opportunity of ſhewing you the Affections of a Siſter, and that, I hope, is all you deſire from me.

No, ſaid the almoſt diſtracted Lorenzo, *it is not all I deſire; and without you give me more, you do not give me that; a Siſter will do all that is in her power to make a Brother happy, and if you have it in your power to make me ſo, and refuſe to do it, you eat your own words, and break that Promiſe you have made: But I ſee you aim at nothing leſs than my ruine; and therefore I will leave this place, that you may not have the pleaſure of*

of a Triumph over a Wretch that might have been happy had he never ſeen you.

Cozen, ſaid *Elvira, nothing is farther from my Wiſhes than your ruine; and if I wanted natural Affection for ſo near a Relation, I have received too many Obligations from your Mother to wiſh your deſtruction; and if nothing but my Love can ſatisfy you, have a little patience, and I will try to force my Inclinations to comply with your Wiſhes. No,* ſaid *Lorenzo, that force you ſpeak of is as bad as your diſdain; and if you cannot love me without forcing your ſelf to it, I ſee ſo little proſpect of my happineſs, that I muſt, in my own defence, fly from the Perſon that would, it ſeems, love me if ſhe could.*

You ſhall not fly, Lorenzo, ſaid *Elvira,* (whoſe Heart began to melt) *you ſhall ſtay and be as happy*

as I can make you; Elvira *shall keep her Promise, and do all you desire, as far as she has power*; *therefore call back all those wandring Thoughts, and fix them in my Breast for ever.* This gave *Lorenzo* new Life, and his Looks express'd the satisfaction her words had given him. But they were both so pleased with the progress they had made in each others Love, that they minded not *Emilia* and *Sebastian*, who were almost within hearing of them. At last *Elvira* espied them, and said, *Here comes my Aunt, and with her my Aversion, she thinks by this time you have said so much for him, that I have not one Argument left to defend my self against him, but what you have answered.*

By this time they met, and as all Lovers are quick-sighted, so *Sebastian* soon found what was de-

ter-

termin'd for him, his Jealousie began to grow, tho' *Elvira*, on purpose to prevent suspicion, behaved her self with more affability towards him than ever she had done before, which served not to deceive the subtil *Sebastian*, who read their design in their Looks; and from that Moment secretly vow'd their Ruines: He was no longer able to sit a Spectator of their Happiness, and therefore took his leave with a Look which promised nothing but destruction to all around him; and wished for nothing more than the Eyes of a *Basilisk*, that he might have darted his Venom, and looked them dead before he left them; and thus, brim full of damnable Malice, he went to put his diabolical Designs in execution. They all took notice of some very great disorder in him, tho' none of them had the

leaſt thought of his Helliſh Intentions, but ſuppoſed it to be the effects of his Paſſion for *Elvira*.

As ſoon as he got home, he, with the help of the Devil, began to contrive the downfal of thoſe two innocent Perſons, who, in the mean time, had what they both wiſhed for, the full enjoyment of one anothers Company; and *Lorenzo* fail'd not to give *Elvira* new proteſtations of his Love, while ſhe, who had never loved before, made no great difficulty of receiving his Addreſſes with the greateſt Marks of Content.

One Day, as they ſate at Dinner, a Footman came and enquired for *Lorenzo*, and told him, a Gentleman with whom he had been acquainted in *France*, was within two Miles of him, and very much deſired to ſee him: He has, ſaid he, a mind to ſurprize you, and there-

therefore has not sent his Name. *Lorenzo* order'd him to stay below, and he would get him ready to go with him: which he did, attended only by one Footman of his own, and the Messenger, who carried him to a place which look'd a little suspiciously; and calling to the Guide told him he would go no further. *Well, Sir*, said he, *stay here but two Minutes and I will bring him to you.* The Fellow clapt Spurs to his Horse, and return'd with four *Bravo*'s, who set upon *Lorenzo*, and told him, he must die. He was a little surpriz'd at the Arrest, but being a Man of good Resolution, back'd with Judgment, he made an incredible Defence; and having laid two of his Enemies at his Feet, he engag'd the Villain that had decoy'd him out, the other two fled, and left him in the hands of *Lorenzo* and his Man,

who had it not in their Power to ſhew him Mercy, for he had already receiv'd his Death's Wound: *Lorenzo* asked him by whoſe Inſtigation he had committed this barbarous Outrage, and what he had done to deſerve it; but the Fellow, who was paſt Confeſſion, died immediately, and left *Lorenzo* in ignorance of his new Enemies. He thought it not ſafe to ſtay long there; and therefore made the beſt of his way back. He came home to his Mother and *Elvira*, and told them of the Adventure he had met with, and how narrowly he had eſcaped with Life, and was much ſurprized to think he ſhould have behaved himſelf ſo as to deſerve Enemies in ſo ſhort a time. They both expreſſed their Joy for his Deliverance, but neither gueſs'd at the cauſe of his Danger. Some time paſs'd in Love be-

betwixt *Lorenzo* and *Elvira*, before *Emilia* took notice of it; and when she found their Design, which at first she only suspected, she desired to know from *Lorenzo*'s own Mouth, whether she had good grounds for her belief. He told her, he did love his Cozen above the World, and hoped she would not oppose what was very much desir'd by them both. *No*, said *Emilia*, *I have often wished your Inclinations might lie towards one another, and am very well pleas'd with what you have said; and if* Elvira *and you be agreed, I have too great a love for you both to desire to make you unhappy, by disappointing your Wishes: But* Elvira *has a Father, whose Consent must be sought for as well as mine; she has not seen him a great while, and if you have a mind to go together, and try to procure it I shall not be against it.*

To

To this they readily agreed, and after a Day's Preparation for their Journey they set forward. But an Accident happen'd, which made them return sooner than they design'd; for before they had rid four Miles from home, a Bullet came from some unknown hand, and shot *Elvira*'s Horse dead under her. *Lorenzo*, tho' it hit him not, yet was he almost dead with the dreadful apprehensions of her being so: And betwixt his Fear and Surprize he had hardly Courage enough to see whether she were dead or alive: At last, though he knew not how he got to her, and found her unhurt, he took her up, and set her upon one of the Servant's Horses; which, while he was busied about, another Bullet came and shot his Hat off. This made them resolve to turn back, for their Way lay through a Wood,

and

and *Elvira*'s Courage was not great enough to venture: Back again therefore, with all ſpeed, they went, to the great ſurprize of *Emilia*, who could not imagine the cauſe of their return. They ſoon made her acquainted with their happy Deliverance, and were all very much at a loſs to know the meaning of what had happen'd. *Elvira* had enough of Travelling, and was reſolved, for the time to come, to ſtay at home: However, ſhe writ to her Father, and ſent him an account of all Circumſtances, as well of *Lorenzo*'s Love, as the danger they eſcaped in going to him. This Letter, whether it were intercepted, or what other accident happen'd, no body could tell, but it never came to the hands of *Gonſalvo*.

In

In the mean time, *Lorenzo* and his beloved Cozen waited with the greateſt impatience for a return, and much feared ſo long a conſideration would at laſt bring an Anſwer in the negative, which would have been very diſagreeable to them both.

The Weather being very hot, they took a Walk one Evening into an adjacent Grove, where *Lorenzo* entertained the fair *Elvira* with ſome remarkable Paſſages of his Travels; and among the reſt he told her, That he had a little buſineſs one day from *Paris*, and riding by a Wood ſide he heard a very unuſual Noiſe made, as he thought, by a Woman; and tho', ſaid he, I never ſet up for a Knight-Errand, yet my Curioſity carried me in to ſee what the matter was, where I found a Woman in the greateſt diſorder; ſhe had torn her Face,

Face, rent her Cloaths, and pull'd her Hair off by handfuls, yet in the midſt of all this Confuſion ſhe had the Air and Aſpect of a Gentlewoman. I was ſo very intent upon that Object, that I minded not one which lay by her, and deſerved my obſervation as much; and that was a Man who lay wallowing in his own Blood, and juſt expiring, in his Hand he held a Dagger, which ſeem'd to have been the fatal Weapon which had ended his Days, and he himſelf the unnatural Executioner. I alighted from my Horſe, and walked up to her, and told her, I much deſired to know the cauſe of the Misfortune which had hapned; and in which ſhe ſeem'd to have a very great ſhare. She continued very ſilent, and only anſwered me with Sighs and Tears: By this time the poor Gentleman (for ſuch by his Habit

Habit he ſeemed to be) died, and then ſhe fell afreſh to wringing of her Hands, and pour'd out ſuch a deluge of Tears as created in me the greateſt pity. I went to her again, and beg'd of her to let me know how ſhe came there, and offer'd my Service to convey her to the City: I likewiſe promiſed to take care of the dead Man, and ſee him handſomely Interr'd. I ſaid all that my pity could invent, and I thought I had never met with any thing that deſerv'd it more. After ſome time ſhe look'd up, and told me, ſhe did believe I was a Man of much Charity and Goodneſs; and you have it, ſaid ſhe, in your power to make me happy if you pleaſe. I was overjoy'd to hear her ſay ſo, and deſired her to name but the thing that could mitigate her Grief, and I ſhould with all the Induſtry in the World apply my ſelf to it. *Why*

Why then, said she, *if you have any pity for the most miserable Wretch alive, end my Trouble with my Days, and shoot me dead, for that is the only acceptable Service you can do me.* I found it was in vain to perswade her; and I thought it the greatest Act of Inhumanity to let her lie and perish: I therefore sent my Man to the Town for Conveniencies to carry her away by force; he accordingly went, and left me alone with this weeping *Niobe*, whose lamentable Outcries had brought in some other Passengers, who, when they saw her in such a Passion, and a Man lie by murdered, they immediately concluded me the Ravisher of one, and the Butcher of the other; and, without any further Examination, seized me with a design to commit me to Prison, till I found a way to clear my self. And thus I had been

been ſerved, had not the poor afflicted Gentlewoman broken ſilence in my Juſtification, and told them her Misfortunes proceeded not from me.

They ſtaid till my Man return'd with a Coach for the Lady, and in it was the Mother of the dead Gentleman, who was almoſt diſtracted at the ſight of her unhappy Son; and reviled the poor young Lady for the Murder of her Husband, who was willing to own all ſhe laid to her Charge, that ſhe might have a releaſe out of a World which was no longer able to give her the leaſt Comfort. When I had given them all the aſſiſtance I could, and had gotten them back to the City, I left them, and went on my Journey. My Buſineſs kept me from home above a Month, and at my return I went to viſit this Lady again, to try if it were poſſible to

find

find out the cauſe of the late Accident.

When I had gain'd admittance I hardly knew her; for tho' ſhe had ſtill the moſt mortified Look, yet had ſhe ſomething very remarkable and pleaſing in her Face, which ſhe wanted when I had ſeen her before. She knew me as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, and gave me the greateſt return of Thanks in the World, for what I had done for her; and entertained me ſo prettily in the midſt of her Trouble, that methought it made me in love with ſadneſs. I told her I was ſtill in the dark concerning what had happen'd; and it being a thing ſo very particular I much deſired to know the meaning of it. She told me, ſhe ow'd a great deal to my Generoſity; firſt, for the care I had taken of her in the Wood; and next, for the kind

Viſit

Visit I had made her in her present Trouble; and that tho' the subject was very disagreeable, yet would she, if in her Power, command her self enough to tell me all: And when she had wiped her Eyes, and composed her self a little, she thus began:

I am, said she, Daughter to one of the Wealthiest Men in ——, whose avaritious Temper has ruin'd the only Son and Daughter he ever had: It would be too tedious to trouble you with my Brother's Concerns; who is, if possible, as wretched as my self. I shall therefore stick to my own Misfortunes, which stick, alas, too close to me, and begin at the fourteenth Year of my Age, when I was soft and fit for any Impression; then it was, that by the command of my Father I receiv'd the Addresses of *Don Carlos*, only Son to the Treasurer,

and

and a Man believed by all to be very rich: He was young as well as I, being not above Eighteen Years of Age; and tho' our Parents thought us both too young to Marry, yet they were willing to give us the liberty of Converſation, which we by degrees improved to Love, and often vow'd our Hearts to one another. Thus we went on for two whole Years; at the end of which the Treaſurer died, and left his Son a very good Eſtate, tho' far ſhort of what my Father expected for me; and of what moſt People thought him worth: However, tho' his Eſtate was leſſen'd, my Love was not, but I liked him as well now as ever, and received him with the ſame Air as before: But whatever my Intentions were, my Father's were much alter'd; he fell from his uſual Carriage towards him, and at laſt forbid him his

his Houſe. This touched us both very ſenſibly, and gave us a great deal of uneaſineſs, yet we ſaw one another ſometimes by ſtealth; and when we miſſed of that opportunity we convers'd by Letters. And thus we lived for ſome time, without any farther diſappointment, till one Day my Father told me, he had prepared a Husband for me, and laid his ſtricteſt Commands upon me to receive him with Civility, as I tendred his Favour. I knew not what to ſay, or what Anſwer to make him, I was ſure if I ſaid any thing to oppoſe his Will, he would immediately lock me up. I therefore made the beſt of it, and ſeem'd pleas'd till he was gone; and then I gave my Paſſion vent in a thouſand Complaints, which did me no ſervice. At laſt I was reſolved to ſend *Carlos* a Letter, with the ſad account of my Father's

Pro-

Proceedings: And while I had liberty I got a Pen, and writ him the following Lines.

NO body would desire Life, were they, like me, visited every Day with new and unthought of Torments; but this last is an insupportable one, which must, without your speedy Aid, sink me to the lowest pitch of Despair; and I must languish and die in the Arms of some hated, I know not who, except you come with haste to my rescue. Send your result by the Bearer, for I long to know what course you will take to secure me yours.

Leonora.

When I had written this Letter I knew not who to trust with it; but by the help of a Companion I had with me I procured a Fellow, who promised to deliver it as directed.

rected. I dispatch'd him away, and bid him stay for an Answer, which he did; and in a little time, return'd with these words:

FEar not, my dearest Leonora, *but that I will snatch you from the Jaws of all your Fears; and will, this Night, convey you from the reach of your Father's Cruelty. At Twelve a Clock you may expect the old Sign. Be sure be ready, for I'll not fail.*

Carlos.

With this Letter, and the Promises in it I pleas'd my self, till the time appointed came. I open'd both my Ears when the Clock struck Twelve, and with impatience listned for the Sign. It struck One, Two, Three, and Four, yet still no Sign; and then the rising Sun put a full stop to all my future

ture expectations. I knew not what to think the meaning of it should be; sometimes I fear'd the Heart of *Carlos* was changed, and that he thought it not worth his Trouble to come for me; sometimes again I thought he had met with some Disaster by the way; and then (as the true cause) I suspected some Treachery, tho' all was but guess, and I was kept in Ignorance, till my knowledge could do me no good.

That Morning my Father came to me, and told me, I might expect to see my new Lover at Noon, who should not make me above two Visits more before I was his Wife. I knew his violent Temper too well to make any Reply, but was forced with Patience to submit to all he said: However, I would have died ten thousand Deaths, rather than have marri'd *Frederick*,

(for that was his Name) had I not thought *Carlos* had utterly forſaken me, who might, I was ſure, have made ſome ſhift to ſee me, or to let me have heard from him at leaſt. At Noon, as my Father ſaid, when I came down to Dinner, I ſaw a Stranger, whom I had never ſeen before, and did ſuppoſe him the Perſon of which my Father had told me; and from my Heart wiſhed, that what we eat might have proved the bane either of him or my ſelf.

As ſoon as we had dined my Father left the Room, with a deſign to leave him the liberty of improving his time. When he was gone, the Stranger came to me, and in a broken Language, which I could not well underſtand: He made a ſhift, I know not how, to tell me he loved me much. I made him an Anſwer

to

to what I underſtood, in the moſt diſcouraging Words I could think on, but he wanted an Interpreter as much as I did; and my frowning Brow was the only intelligible thing by which he could ſo much as gueſs at my Inclinations. However, tho' I did not underſtand him my Father did, and with a joint conſent of both Parties immediately agreed upon my Ruine. He came again once or twice; and without any more Courtſhip, or farther Acquaintance, I was, by the cruel Commands of my Father, married to that unhappy Wretch whom you ſaw in the Wood.

I embraced him with the ſame deſire I ſhould have done a Serpent, and went to his Bed with more loathing than I ſhould have gone to a ſtinking Dungeon. And thus was I forced into the moſt miſerable and wretched Condition.

At last, after I had been Married some time I had a little Liberty, and then I made a private enquiry after poor *Carlos*; and at last found out that my Father had intercepted my Letter, and when he had read it he sent it to him, and watch'd for the Messengers return with an Answer, which he read likewise, and then sent it to me: By this means he found out all our Designs, and being prepar'd for *Carlos*, seiz'd and confin'd him till after I was Married; and when he had his Liberty again he went none knew where. This Account I hearken'd to with a true Sorrow, both for his sad Fate and my own. When *Frederick* had staid as long at —— as his Business would admit, he return'd to this unhappy place, and brought me with him. I did all I could to love him and forget *Carlos*: I con-

consider'd he was now my Husband, and that I was obliged by all Laws to use him as such; and by degrees I brought my self to a compliance with that Duty, which I knew to be so incumbent upon me: However, he knew he had taken me against my Will; and therefore thought my Love was no more than pretence and show, and would often say in the midst of his Embraces; *Oh!* Leonora, *were I but sure of thy Heart, I should think my self happier than all the World could make me without it: And I would not change my Condition to be Monarch of the Earth.*

I wept and told him; nothing could be so unkind as his causeless Suspicions of me were; and professed to him, that not only my Heart, but the Thoughts thereof; my Words and Actions all were

wholly his, without the leaſt reſerve; and beg'd of him to believe me, as he tendred my Quiet and his own. At laſt, with a daily repetition of my Vows, and a conſtant care to oblige him, I brought him (ſeemingly at leaſt) to believe me real; and we lived for ſome time in a perfect Content, without the leaſt accident to diſturb our Eaſe, till Fate, who had another bitter Draught for me to ſwallow, one Day brought me a Letter from a wretched Brother I had, whom I mentioned to you in the beginning of my Story; in which he expreſſed his Reſentments againſt my Father's Cruelty to us both; and ſaid, his Pity was greater for me, than his Trouble for himſelf; and that he could not remember me lodged in the Arms of one he knew I hated, without the greateſt tranſports of

Rage;

Rage; and ſaid, he could curſe his Stars for denying him a power to revenge himſelf and me. He likewiſe expreſſed himſelf in the bittereſt Terms againſt my Huſband. All which, you may believe made me not willing to expoſe his Letter. I was therefore reſolved to read it and then commit it to the Flames; but before I had well gotten to the bottom of it, my Husband came into the Room, and asked me what Paper that was. My Confuſion was ſo great, that I had not Preſence of Mind enough to think of any excuſe; but with a Colour which repreſented me more guilty than I really was, I would fain have ſhuffled it into my Pocket, under the fooliſh pretence of a Taylor's Bill. But he, who had taken but too much notice of my grand Diſorder, deſir'd the liberty of ſeeing it. I knew

how much pains it had already coſt me to bring him into a belief of my Sincerity towards him; and I was very ſure if I gave it to him it would be a means to call back all his former Suſpicions of me, and to create an everlaſting Feud betwixt us: This conſideration made me grow reſolute, and I poſitively denied to let him ſee it, tho' I have had time enough to repent my inconſiderate Folly, and have often wiſhed I had run the riſque of all the Inconveniencies which might (and would without doubt) have attended my Compliance.

When he ſaw he could not prevail with me he gave over aſking, and gloſſed over his dreadful Deſigns with a ſmooth Brow, and his uſual Carriage. One Day he came to me, and told me the Weather was very inviting, and he had a mind

mind to take a little Air, and aſked me if I would go with him. I very readily conſented, and we went together into that unlucky Wood where you found us; and making choice of the moſt melancholy place of it, as being fitteſt for the part he had to act, he told me my unkindneſs had made his Life a burthen to him; *And curſed be that Man*, continued he, *that takes a Woman to his Bed, whoſe Heart is lodged in another's Boſom*: *But*, Leonora, ſaid he, *I have done you wrong, as well as my ſelf*: *And I have no way left to expiate my Fault, but by removing the hated Object from your ſight.* And without giving me time to make the leaſt Anſwer in my own Juſtification, he pull'd out a Dagger which he had brought with him, and before I was aware, or had well ſeen it, he had plung'd

it in his Breaſt. *Oh! cruel* Frederick, ſaid I, *what haſt thou done?*

I have, ſaid he, *left you free for the beloved* Carlos, *whoſe Letter you kept with ſo much Induſtry from my ſight. I never had a Letter from* Carlos, ſaid I, *ſince I was thine; nor did I ever entertain ſo much as a thought to thy diſadvantage. Oh! do but look up and live, to take a thouſand demonſtrations of my Love.* He took me by the Hand, and gave me a dying Farewel, but never ſpoke more. I need not tell you the extravagancy of my Words or Actions, ſince you came time enough to be a Spectator of one, and an Ear Witneſs to the other.

When I was brought back to this place, you know I was left in the hands of my Mother-in-law, who aggravated my Trouble, by charging me with the horrid Fact of mur-

murdering my Husband, and delivered me up to Juſtice; by which I muſt have ſuffered, having nothing but my own Word to bring me off, had not my poor *Frederick* taken a Method to prevent it, which he did thus; Before he went to the fatal place appointed by himſelf for his Execution, he left a Paper in the hands of his Man, with orders not to open it till the next Morning; by which time he did ſuppoſe I ſhould be tax'd with a Crime, which he knew I ſhould be innocent of; and in that Paper he had written his Deſign, and had delivered it to his Man, before two Witneſſes, which clear'd me as well of the Fact, as of the Scandal of it.

Thus, ſaid *Lorenzo*, *Leonora* made an end of her mournful Tale; and then I got up, ſaid he,

and

and, with Thanks, would have taken my leave; but as I was going her Maid brought her a Letter, which she open'd, and read with a great deal of Concern, and change of Colour. When she had done she gave it to me, saying, *Sir, you have had a true Account of my unfortunate Life hitherto; and therefore I will not make you a Stranger to this Letter; read it, and give me your Advice.* I took it from her, and, to the best of my remembrance found it thus:

SInce Heaven has espoused my Quarrel, and removed that Adversary who rob'd me of all my Joys, I hope I may now lay a just Claim to that Heart which has so often been given by her, who only had the Right of disposing of it. I send you this to prepare you for a reception of the Author, who hopes,

hopes, whatever he has been, he is not indifferent to you now. I have made it my chiefeſt care not to diſturb your quiet; and therefore have kept my ſelf conceal'd; yet have I ſpent as much time here as you have done, and waited with patience for this Hour, which will prove happy as you give encouragement to your once beloved

Carlos.

When I had read this Letter I return'd it to *Leonora*, whoſe looks were much mended; and finding by her ſilence, that ſhe expected my Opinion, I gave it her thus:

Madam, ſaid I, *your Life has been a Life of much uneaſineſs, and ſuch as required the ſteadieſt Mind to bear; but now you have it in your own Power to give your Fortune a turn; and if I were worthy*

thy to adviſe, it ſhould be to take the Man you love, and ſeek in him that reſt which the World has in every thing elſe ſo long denied you. This Advice I found was not unwelcome to her, tho' ſhe made ſome ſlight Objections, which I believed ſhe only did, that I might anſwer them. I took my leave of her for that time, and in a few Days I viſited her again, and found *Don Carlos* with her; I told her, *I ſhould in a little time leave* France, *and could be glad to ſee her happy before I went.* She ſaid, *She had made no Reſolution againſt* Don Carlos, *but would not think of marrying till ſhe return'd to her own Country.* I ſaw her not afterwards, but heard ſhe was gone.

And thus *Lorenzo* ended his Story; by which time it was almoſt Night, and they began to think of returning home. But as

they

they passed by a place very thick of Trees, they thought they heard somebody Talk, and fansied they knew the Voice. They stopt, and heard a Man say, *What? must all my Projects fail? And is it impossible to gain my Ends? Will nothing reach the Lives of them I hate, but must I still thirst for Revenge, without a Power to bring my Designs to perfection? No*, continued he, *I'll plunge to the deepest Gulf of Hell, but I'll find a Revenge equal to the Disdain I have met with. I'll make that proud Beauty know, it had been safer for her to have stood a Thunderbolt just hissing from the Sky, than to have scorn'd me for that Toy* Lorenzo. This last word made *Elvira* Tremble, and she beg'd *Lerenzo* to make haste home, who would much rather have gone to meet his Enemy, had not *Elvira*'s Danger check'd his rising

sing Choler. They both knew it to be the Voice of *Sebastian*; and by this discovery unravel'd the bottom of all their past Dangers. *Elvira*'s Fears added Wings to her Feet, and *Lorenzo*'s Love made him keep pace with her; so that in a very little time they got home. She told her Aunt of *Sebastian*'s Treachery; and how, by chance, they had found out all his Designs, which aim'd at nothing less than hers and *Lorenzo*'s Life, and which, she much fear'd, he would at last, by some Project or other, accomplish. His Threats were always in her Ears; and she never miss'd *Lorenzo* from her sight, but she concluded *Sebastian*'s Treachery had reached him. Thus did she live in the midst of ten thousand Fears; and would have given almost Life to have been secured from Death.

Lo-

Lorenzo, whoſe Care it was to divert her Womaniſh Fears, did all he could in order to it; and told her, the beſt way to put a ſtop to *Sebaſtian*'s Malice was to Marry: *For*, ſaid he, *when he finds his hopes are gone, he will no longer purſue you with his Revenge, but rather ſhew his Reſentments by ſlighting the Affront.*

I only wait, ſaid ſhe, *for an Order from my Father, at whoſe ſilence I am very much ſurpriz'd; and cannot but fear ſomething more than well has happen'd.* *Lorenzo* told her, if he could perſwade himſelf to leave her ſo long, he would go and ſee. But the thoughts of *Sebaſtian*'s wicked Intentions made her reſolve againſt it, and ſhe gave very little encouragement to that Propoſal.

Thus thoſe two innocent Perſons ſate entertaining one another till

till almoſt Midnight, when they heard a Man without the Houſe cry, *Villain, what doſt thou do? Lorenzo* ſtarted up and went to the Window, where he ſaw two Men ſtriving for a lighted Match. It was ſo dark that he could not know either of them; but he ſaid, he did very much ſuſpect one of them was either *Sebaſtian*, or ſomebody ſet on by him to do ſome Miſchief: He immediately raiſed the Houſe, and, with his Servants, went out to ſee what the matter was: He found only one Gentleman, ſtanding by a Train of Gunpowder; the other, at the noiſe they made going out, with all expedition vaniſhed. *Lorenzo* went up to the other, and not knowing how to accoſt him, whether as a Friend or an Enemy, only asked him what his Deſign was; who told him it was to do him Service,

and

and preſerve not only his, but the Lives of all his Family, who muſt have been laid in Aſhes by this time, had not ſome unknown Power, ſaid he, ſent me this way to your Deliverance.

Lorenzo expreſſed his Gratitude in the moſt obliging return of Thanks; and with a great deal of importunity, after many denials, he at laſt prevail'd with the Stranger to go with him into the Houſe, where he deſired a more perfect Account of what had happen'd. He told him, that being a perfect Stranger in that place, and the Night coming upon him before he expected it, he was quite at a loſs which way to go; and after having wandred ſome time in an unknown Path, ſaid he, *I at laſt eſpied a Light in this Houſe, towards which I made for a little information; but when I came nearer I happily*

happily saw a Man very busie about something on the Ground; I was a little curious to see what he was doing; and found, by all Circumstances, that he was laying a Scheme for the ruine of this House and Family. I was resolved to put a speedy prevention to his Designs, and spoke aloud on purpose to alarm those within. He soon perceiv'd his Plot was spoil'd, and when he heard you coming he muttered out some Curses against me and you, and all the World, and then got away as fast as he could. When he had told *Lorenzo* all he knew, he got up, and would have gone, which *Lorenzo* would by no means admit of, but told him, he should stay and take a little rest till Morning, and then he would detain him no longer.

Rest, said the Stranger, *is what I am unacquainted with; nor shall*

I ever throw away my expectations, on what I know so well I must never be possest of. If you desire me to stay till Morning I will; but did you know what a wretched Guest you have gotten you would rather drive me from you, than invite me to stay; and would send me hence to breathe infectious Air among those Creatures who come nearest to my own Misfortunes. Here the Stranger, in spight of all his Manhood, dropt a Tear or two, which moved the tender Heart of poor *Elvira* so much, that she kept him Company in his melancholy Exercise; and told him, if it would not make too great a breach in Charity to desire a repetition of what so nearly touched him, she could be very earnest in the request of knowing the cause of his Trouble.

Madam,

Madam, said he, *tho' it be opening my Wounds afresh to repeat my Wrongs, yet you seem so very desirous to be acquainted with my Sufferings, that to Morrow Morning I will give you the saddest Account you have ever yet been entertained with; but you must wrap your Heart in a Case of Adamant, or it will melt away in the hearing of it.* Here the Stranger stopt: And *Lorenzo*, who thought it time for them all to go to rest, conducted him to his Apartment, and then *Elvira* and he went severally to theirs, where the latter spent their time in Sleep, and the former his in Sighs. When it was Day, this restless Stranger got from his Bed, which afforded him but little Comfort, and took a Walk into the Gardens, which were very fine. Our two Lovers were not long behind him, who,

when

when they had given him a good Morning, challenged his laſt Night's Promiſe; and he, who was willing to fulfil their Deſire, thus began:

My Name, ſaid he, is *Octavio*, born in a neighbouring Nation: I have, to my Father, one of the cruelleſt Men in the World, whoſe daily care has been to make his Children miſerable. My Mother died when I was very young, and left behind her no other Child than one Daughter and my ſelf: And when I was about Fourteen Years of Age my Father was ſent for to a dying Friend, who earneſtly beg'd his Care of a little Daughter he had, ſhe being his only Child; and, with her, put all his worldly Subſtance, which was not much, into his Hands. My Father gave his Friend all the aſſu-

assurances of his best endeavours for his Child: And when he was dead he brought her home; and I cannot do him Justice unless I say he used her with a great deal of kindness, had not his Cruelty afterwards cancel'd all his Care. She was about Ten Years of Age when she came to us, and had the same benefit of Education which my Sister had. We lived together as Children, while we were so, and (which is very rare) I do not remember that we ever had the least Jar or Dispute about any thing, for the space of five whole Years which we lived together.

For my part I had not the least thought of Love; yet the sweetness and affability of this little Orphan's Disposition made an early Impression on my Heart: And tho' she was a most diverting agreeable Creature in all particulars, yet no-

nothing moved me so much to Love, as did her unparallel'd Humour. I often made it my study to make her Angry, and did things in order to it which I my self was asham'd of, tho' I could never accomplish my design; for she bore all my Tryals with such evenness of Temper, as if she had been her own Prophetess, and had known before-hand that she was made to suffer.

This turn'd my seeming indifference into a most violent Love; and Life and Light were grown hateful to me when she was absent from my Eyes. Here the Stranger interrupted himself, and lifting up his Head with a Sigh, told his small Auditory, that when he began his Story his design was to have made it very short; but, *Madam*, said he, *the subject is so large that I find it impossible to stint my*

ſelf; and I hope, ſince you have ſo earneſtly deſired it, you will arm your ſelf with patience to hear it out. *Sir,* ſaid *Elvira, you need not make any Apology for what promiſes ſo much diverſion; and if you have but Courage to proceed, you need not diſpute my patience to hear you.* Know then, Madam, ſaid he, that nothing was ever ſo fond of his Fellow-Creature, as I grew of the incomparable *Clara* (for that was her dear Name) but tho' I had given her a thouſand Marks of my Love in dumb ſhew, yet had I never verbally expreſs'd my ſelf to her on that ſubject. One Day, when we were alone, I took her by the Hand, and told her, I hoped my Eyes had not been ſuch ill Orators, but that they had in part done the Office of my Tongue. However, *Clara,* ſaid I, if they have been ſilent I am reſolved to

be

be so no longer; and since I cannot live without you, it would be the greatest self-denial to forbid my self a discovery of what I hope you will make no great difficulty of accepting of. She whose apprehension was always on the Wing, staid not for a plainer Explanation of what I had said, but told me, she had often fear'd what she was now but too sure of. This gave me some uneasiness, and I asked her what formidable Object presented it self to her in the shape of me or my Love, that could give her the least apprehension of fear.

Oh! Octavia, said she, *I see nothing in your Love but what inspires me with something too like it self; but I see such dreadful effects arising from that Cause that I much fear they will end in our ruine; you know your Father expects you*

ſhould Marry to advantage, which you can never do by taking me to your Arms: And when he comes to know how much we love, the end of it will be an everlaſting Separation. Had we not therefore, ſaid ſhe, *better prevent this growing ill, by nipping our Follies in the bud, before they grow headſtrong and paſt our Maſtery.*

Clara, ſaid I, *your Love perhaps is in the bud, and you can hinder its growth when you pleaſe; but mine is full grown, and has taken Root ſo faſt that nothing but tearing out Heart and all can be of force enough to diplace it. Tell me not therefore of advantage, give me but thy ſelf to bleſs my longing Arms, and then ſhall I be Maſter of more Wealth than the* Eaſtern *Empire has to boaſt on.* Thus did I entertain my *Clara* every Day, without the leaſt ſuſpicion. My Father

not

not once gueſſing at any thing like Love betwixt us; nor any body elſe except my Siſter, who had all along been privy to it, and who was ſoon after almoſt as miſerable as my ſelf: But there was, it ſeems, a time prefixt for her Troubles to end, while mine muſt bear a laſting date; and not ſo much as a bare hope to ſooth my ſinking Soul, or give my drooping Spirits new Life. One Day I had ſate my ſelf down by the unhappy *Clara*, and with a ſudden tranſport took her to my Arms; at which unlucky Juncture my Father happen'd to come in. He looked upon us with the greateſt ſurprize, and, without ſpeaking one word, he went ſtraight out of the Room. *Now*, ſaid my poor *Clara*, *we may take an everlaſting leave of one another, for I ſhall be ſoon baniſhed from your ſight. Oh!*

vio, said she, *how much would you have loved me more had you loved me less; for now I have given up my Heart to you, I shall be sent I know not where, to some remote part of the World, where I must pine away, and never hear your Name again, but when kind Echo returns an Answer to my Complaints.*

No. Clara, said I, *wherever you go, thither will I follow; nor shall all the Menaces of a cruel Father hinder me from being a Partner in thy Fortunes. Thou shalt never say* Octavio *drew thee into Misery, and there left thee; for if thou art to be wretched, it shall be his choice to be so too.* While I was thus breathing out the very Resolutions of my Soul, and making fresh Protestations to the Mistriss of all my Vows, my Father call'd me; I went to him, and found him in

a

a very pleasant Humour, which made me hope for a toleration of my Love: But he soon took care to undeceive me, by telling me, he was growing old, and knew not how long he had to live; *I shall therefore*, said he, *be glad to see you and your Sister disposed of before I die; and in order to it, I have provided a Husband for her, and a Wife for you, and will have you both married very soon.* I told him, he could propose nothing to me which was more my Aversion than a Wife, and hoped he would let that be the last time of urging me to any such thing. He who had a greater share of Cunning than Humanity in him, seem'd to be satisfied with this Answer; and told me, very moderately, since my Inclinations was so much against it, he would leave it to my own choice either to Marry or let it

alone: And for that time our Talk ended; and I was fool enough to believe him satisfied, and had hopes that I might in time bring him to comply with my Wishes.

Clara and I spent our time as before, tho' she always had a suspicion of my Father, and said, she was afraid some rough design lurked under that smooth Brow, which proved too fatally true, both for her and me.

Not long after my Father told me, he would have me go and visit a Relation who lived not far from us, and whom I had not seen of a considerable time, and could have been content never to have seen him, rather than have left *Clara* one Moment; but it was my Father's Command, and I durst not refuse to go. I was dispatched away without time to consider,

ſider, and was received with a kindneſs very different from what I had been uſed to at that place. I made ſeveral offers to go home, but ſtill found them very preſſing upon me to ſtay longer: At laſt it grew towards Night, and then I was reſolved to be gone, tho' they did all they could to have kept me till the next Morning. I began to ſuſpect that all this kindneſs had ſomething in the bottom, which would in the end make me uneaſie: upon which thought I immediately left the Houſe, and with all ſpeed went home. I met my Father at the Door, who look'd, as I thought, wild and ſurprized; I gave him an account of my ſmall Journey, of which he took not much notice. I found by him that he did not care to Talk, and being glad of an opportunity to leave him, I went to look for *Clara*, but

when I came into the Room where ſhe commonly was, I ſaw no body by my Siſter in Tears. I ſoon began to fear, and asked her haſtily what was become of *Clara*; to which ſhe gave me no Anſwer. *What!* ſaid I almoſt raving, *are you become my Enemy too? No,* ſaid ſhe, *I am your Friend, while I keep you in Ignorance; and if you have a mind to preſerve your Wits, live without any farther Information; or if you muſt needs know the woful tidings of your own ruine, make not me the Author of ſuch unwelcome News, but go to ſome Enemy that can be pleaſed to ſee you die.*

No, ſaid I, *I will go no farther, I will know all, and that from you. What! has my barbarous Father conveyed away the innocent* Clara, *And does he fondly ſuppoſe that I'll ſtay tamely here without her? No,* continued I, *I'll ranſack Earth and Sea*

Sea but I will find her out; and let him see, that I have it in my own power to make my self happy in spight of all his Cruelty.

Oh! Octavio, said my weeping Sister, *how much do you boast a power you have not: My Father has not done his Work by halves; nor has his Cruelty reached at any thing less than the Life of the much abused* Clara; *these Ears heard the Sentence of her Death pronounced, and these Eyes saw her go to it, like a Lamb to the Sacrifice, without the least reluctance: She only beg'd one quarter of an Hour's respite, which, when granted, she spent in writing a Letter to you; and when she had finished it, she gave it to me, and told me, the last request she should ever make to me was, to deliver that Letter to my Brother. I gave her my faithful Promise to fulfil her last Request, tho' it is*

with ſome unwillingneſs I keep it. I ſnatch'd it from her, ſenſeleſs as I was, and by a frequent repetition of it ſince, I believe I can tell you every word of it.

I *Always told you,* dear *Octavio, that I was not worthy of you; but tho' I muſt not live yours, yet, in ſpight of your cruel Father, I will die ſo; and ſince I die for ſo good a Cauſe Death is doubly welcome. I know your Love for me is very great; and if you are reſolved to make me happy in my Grave, ſpill not your Sand before your Glaſs is run, but wait with patience the Will of Heaven. I go to give up that Life which could no longer be of uſe to me than it had the liberty of enjoying your Company; and when once that was denied me, Death was the welcomeſt Gueſt to my afflicted Soul. Live, deareſt* Octa-

Octavio, *and live happy by forgetting the moſt unfortunate*

Clara.

When I had read theſe Lines I threw my ſelf upon the Ground, and for ſome time lay without Motion. My frighted Siſter call'd for help, and by the aſſiſtance of outward Applications they brought me to a new ſenſe of my Miſery. They got me to Bed, and with their greateſt diligence watched my Actions, which prevented the deſign I had of ſetting my Soul at liberty, to follow my injur'd *Clara*. I lay for ſome Weeks in ſo dubious a condition, that the moſt skilful Perſon about me knew not whether I had an Hour of Life to come or no. I ſpoke not to any, nor had I the perfect uſe of any of my Senſes. My Father, whoſe Guilt had kept him from me all this

this while, when he heard it was impossible for me to live, he came to be a Spectator of his wretched Son. Tho' I had not spoke for some Days, yet the sight of him raised new fire in me, and I got up in my Bed, and turning to him with burning Rage. *Come*, said I, *inhuman Father, behold the Trophies of thy glorious Cruelty; see here thy only Son, whose Thread of Life thou hast cut before it was half spun. Oh! with what Eyes wilt thou look thy last Hour in the [illegible], who has betray'd thy Trust, and murdered the innocent committed to thy charge? Oh! that she had died by any other Hand but yours, that I might have torn the Villain piecemeal, and scattered his mangled Limbs over the face of the whole Earth. And why is thy barbarity at an end? Why am not I a sharer in her Fate? or, Is it a plea-*

sure

ſure to you to ſee your Son die daily, by living in perpetual Miſery? Oh! have ſome pity for a Wretch of your own making, and take that Life you gave. Here I grew faint, and falling back upon my Pillow gave way to what my Father had to ſay, who when he ſaw the weak condition I was in, thought it not beſt to give me any Reply; but ordering the greateſt care to be taken of me he left the Room, and I ſaw him not ſince; for finding that his Preſence did but exaſperate me, he was reſolved to ſee me no more, till I grew either better or worſe. I lay for ſome time longer in a great deal of uncertainty; but at laſt ſtrength of Nature got the better; and tho' my Mind was ſtill the ſame, yet my Body recovered its former Health, and by degrees I reaſſumed ſtrength enough to go abroad again. As

ſoon

ſoon as I was in a condition to Travel I took up ſome Money, which a dead Relation had left me, and, taking leave of my Siſter only, I left that dreadful place of all my Sufferings; and have ever ſince been in purſuit of that reſt which I now deſpair of, ſince I have ſo long ſought it in vain. I hear ſometimes from my Siſter, who has been as great a Sufferer as my ſelf, but has at laſt gain'd the Point, and is now happy with the Man ſhe loves: And were I capable of the leaſt Content, the change of her Fortune would give me a conſiderable ſhare: But, alas! as all my Thoughts were *Clara*'s while ſhe lived, ſo are they to be wholly hers while I do ſo: And I think I do her the greateſt Injuſtice, if at any time I rob her of a Moment of them.

Sir,

Sir, said *Lorenzo*, *your hard Fate calls for the greatest Compassion; and I never met with any thing that touched me so much, except the relation of a Story I had once from a Lady in* France; *whom, by the whole run of your Discourse, I do verily believe to be your Sister: She told me her Name was* Leonora, *and her Husband's* Frederick, *who put a period to his own Days, occasioned by the mistake of a Letter. That very Person, said* Octavio, *is, as you suppose, my Sister, and I do believe you are the Gentleman of whose Civility she has, by Letter, given me an account: And since I have nothing but a poor return of Thanks in my power, I beg of you to accept of that in her behalf.*

Lorenzo embraced *Octavio*, and told him, he had made a greater return than any thing he had ever done could deserve, by preserving him

him and his whole Houſe from the ſudden deſtruction intended againſt them: *But*, ſaid he, *if you have a mind to load me with Obligations, you cannot do it more effectually than by giving us a few Days more of your Company.* *Elvira* likewiſe deſired that, ſince he had no ſettled place of abode, he would reſolve to ſpend ſome of his time where he was; and where ſhe hoped he might find as much content as if he went in queſt of other Company.

Octavio (who tho' he had loſt his Quiet, yet retain'd his Manners) told them, how ſenſible he was of the favour they did him in deſiring the Company of a Perſon wholly unconverſible; and one who was fit for nothing but to give an entertainment to his own dull Thoughts. *Yet, Madam*, ſaid he, *ſince you command my ſtay,*

I will, in obedience, comply, tho' I do very much believe you will in a little time grow extreamly weary of your Gueſt, and heartily repent your Invitation. Before *Elvira* could make an Anſwer to what he had ſaid, a Servant came with a Summons to Dinner, where *Octavia* eat not much Meat, but fed plentifully upon Sighs.

When they had Dined *Lorenzo* told him he would take him out to a place which looked as if it were made on purpoſe to indulge ſuch Melancholy as his. They prepared for their Walk, and *Elvira* and her Aunt went along with them: juſt at the Door they met a ſmall Merchant with Womens Toys; and among ſeveral Bottles of Eſſences and Perfumes, was one of an extraordinary Vertue, diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of a *Cure for Melancholy*; nay, it was like all Quacks Pre-

Preparations, good for every thing. *Elvira*, who had a particular fancy for the Bottle, as well as to try what effect it would have on *Octavio*, tho' it was very dear, yet she bought it, and call'd for a Glass to present him with some of it; in the mean time, the Man of whom they bought this rare Cordial, went away, and the strictest enquiry they could make was not sufficient to find him out again. The Glass which *Elvira* call'd for was brought, and as she was going to fill some of it out, the Bottle slipt from between her Fingers, and broke to pieces; this disappointment spoil'd *Elvira*'s Experiment: And while she was lamenting her loss, a little *Italian* Greyhound, that had been *Lorenzo*'s Fellow-Traveller, and used to taste of every thing, ran to this Liquid Stuff and licked up some of

of it, but being very ſtrong, he ſhaked his Ears, and left it; and in two Minutes ſwell'd to a prodigious bigneſs and died immediately. This gave them all the greateſt ſurprize, but *Elvira* made no doubt but that it was one of *Sebaſtian*'s Contrivances to end her Days. *Oh!* ſaid *Octavio*, *how near was I to a Cure for all my Pain, had but this lucky Hour favoured me with one Spoonful of that Cordial.*

Lorenzo was ſo enraged with this laſt Attempt, that he drew his Sword, and vow'd he would no more ſheath it till he found a way through the Heart of that baſe Villain, that had ſo often ſought a way to end his and his beloved *Elvira*'s Days by Treachery: And flinging himſelf out he went directly to the Grove, where they had, ſome time be-

before, heard *Sebaſtian* breathe out his Threats againſt them, and where he had been inform'd he ſpent much of his time. *Here*, ſaid he, *I will ſeek my Enemy, and either give up my own Life or take his.*

Elvira and *Octavio* did all they could to perſwade him back, but he was grown reſolute, and would not hearken to any thing they ſaid: He ran from place to place in ſearch of him; and call'd aloud upon an Enemy who was not within hearing of him. At laſt he heard ſomebody among the Trees, and with a Fury full ripe, and grown to the height he ran in, with hopes to find the worſt of Men, *Sebaſtian*; but inſtead of him he found a poor, miſerable, lean, tatter'd Creature, which he knew not what to make of, whether Man or Woman. *Octavio*

and

and *Elvira* follow'd him close, and were Spectators of this moving sight as well as he. *And what art thou*, said *Lorenzo*, *for a miserable Creature.* *I am*, said she, (for it was a Woman) *what you say, and my Name is Misery: Ask me no more, for that is all you must know of me.*

Octavio, who had listen'd to the few words she had spoken, thought himself very well acquainted with that Voice, but could not perswade himself that he had ever seen the Face in his Life. *Sir*, said he to *Lorenzo*, *you promised to shew me a place fit only for the wretched, and surely this is it.* The poor Woman, who had never raised her Eyes from the Ground, hearing *Octavio* speak, lifted them up and looked on him, cry'd out aloud, *Octavio!* and then fell to the Ground. *Octavio*, who

who knew her not, was much at a loſs to know how ſhe came by his Name; however, he ran to her, and with the help of his Companions, brought her to her ſelf; and then asked her how ſhe came to know him. *Alas!* ſaid ſhe, *Is Poverty and Rags diſguiſe enough to make* Octavio *forget his* Clara? *And is it poſſible that any thing can alter me paſt your knowledge? My Misfortunes are doubly ſuch, if you reſolve to forſake and deſpiſe me for them.* *No,* ſaid Octavio, *if thou art* Clara, *thou art ſtill the only Creature upon Earth that can give relief to my diſtracted Mind and wounded Heart; thy Wrongs has coſt me too many Months repoſe; and I have given up my ſelf too much to the thoughts of thee to ſlight or deſpiſe thee now I have found thee; but the thoughts and almoſt certainty of thy Death,*

are

are so impressed upon my Mind, and thou art so very unlike thy self, that still, methinks, I doubt my own happiness. If you consider the difference, said she, *between Want and Plenty, Rest and Labour, Ease and Pain, between quiet of Mind, and distracted racking Thoughts, you will no longer wonder at the alteration you see in me. If* Octavio *still loves* Clara, *and can love her in the midst of so much Poverty, he may yet be as happy as she can make him; and need no longer doubt, but that he has infallibly recovered what has been so long lost both to him and her self.*

Tho', said Octavio, *thou hast nothing of* Clara *but her Voice, yet I will believe thee her. Oh! come to my Arms, thou dear promoter of all my Joys, and tell me how thou hast escaped the Fury and Malice of thy cruel Guardian.*

No, said *Elvira* (who had been a witneſs to this happy meeting) *you ſhall not have my conſent to ſtay any longer here, let us return back to the Houſe, and give her a little Food, and we will hear her Story at home.* *Elvira*, who was never better pleaſed than when ſhe was doing good, took *Clara*, and ſtript her of her Rags, and dreſs'd her in ſome of her Cloaths, which, together with the ſudden quiet of her Mind, made ſuch an advantagious alteration in her, that *Octavio* no longer doubted but that he had regain'd the *Clara* he loved. *And now*, ſaid he, *ſince I have recovered thee from the Jaws of Death, come and let us hear by what miraculous Power thou haſt been preſerved.* *Clara*, who deſir'd to make what addition ſhe could to the ſatisfaction of her Company, thus began:

When

When your Father, said she, had sent you out of the way, he came directly up to me, and finding your Sister *Leonora*, with me, he bid her be gone. She left the Room as he had commanded her; and then he asked me, whether I could expect any thing less than Death to be the reward of my Ingratitude. *Have I not*, said he, *brought you up with the same Care and Cost, the same Food and Raiment with my own Child? Have I not indulged your Desires, and made you an equal sharer in all her Pleasures? And in return of all my kindness, have you not seduced my only Son, and drawn him from his Reason and Obedience. These things*, Clara, said he, *you have done, and therefore you must die. I shall give you very little time to prepare, for your Executioner is already come.*

I told him, he laid things to my Charge which I was very innocent of; but that if my Life could contribute to his Son's good, I moſt readily and willingly would lay it down; only I deſired one quarter of an Hour's time, which, with much unwillingneſs, at laſt he gave me. I ſpent it in writing to you; and when I had done I gave it to *Leonora*, whoſe Tears told me, how great her concern was for me. I took my leave of her, and went with ſo much Patience to meet my Death, that even your cruel Father dropt a Tear. My Butcher, who was to convey me away, had a Boat ready for me, into which I was put; and when he had me a convenient way from Noiſe, he asked what Death I would chooſe. I told him, Death was welcome to me in any ſhape, and he might dreſs him as he

he thought fit. He asked me, whether I had not a mind to live. I told him, no, for I found I was cut out for Misery, and I had rather die at once, than every Day. *Well*, said he, *'tis true, I have undertaken your Death, but I want Courage to go thro' with it; and if you will promise me not to return to this place I will give you Life and Liberty. No*, said I, *do thy Office, for if I must never see* Octavio *again, Death will be a more welcome Guest than Life.*

You know not, said the Man, *that you must never see him more; Heaven may smile upon you, and remove your Enemy, and then you may be happy in each other: And why should you choose Death when you may live?*

Tho' I did believe I should live to be very miserable, yet Flesh and Blood perswaded me to take the

Man's Advice; and I gave him my Promiſe I would not return while your Father lived; but had great hopes that I ſhould meet with an opportunity of ſending to you. He ſet me on Shore in a place I knew not, and gave me all the Money he had, which amounted but to a ſmall Summ. When he was gone from me I wandred about in a place which looked as if it were deſerted as well by Animals as Humane Creatures; and I began to wiſh, I had not accepted of the Boat-Man's kindneſs, but had exacted from him a performance of that Promiſe he had made your Father, of taking away my Life. I ſaw my ſelf reduced to the greateſt Miſery, thrown into a place which I knew not how to get out of, nor could I meet with any body to give me the leaſt Information or Advice. And

thus,

thus, in the midſt of the moſt melancholy Reflections, I ſpent my time till almoſt Night, and then I ſate me down to eaſe my tired Limbs; and betwixt the long Walk I had had, and the want of Food, and the thoughts of what I had already ſuffered, and of what was to come, I loſt all the little Courage I had left, and ſunk under the weight of my Misfortunes: My Senſes forſook me, and I lay a miſerable Object, breathleſs upon the Ground, which was the only Hour's reſpite I ever had from my Trouble, ſince I ſaw you, till this happy Moment.

When my Senſes return'd I found my ſelf in a Houſe with ſome of my Fellow-Creatures about me. I cannot ſay but that I was very much pleaſed to find my ſelf removed, and deſired to know to whom my Thanks were

due, for the kindneſs received. A good old Gentlewoman, who ſtaid with me, and took much care of me, told me, I was indebted to her Nephew for my Life, who going by chance that way, found me dead (as he thought) and, with the help of his Servants, brought me home.

While ſhe was ſpeaking the Gentleman came in, and kindly enquired after my Health, to whom I gave the greateſt Thanks I was able for the Trouble he had been at. He told me, he had done no more than what Humanity had exacted from him; and I ſhould always find him in a ready poſture to do me all the good he could: And from that time he hardly ever left me, but cancel'd all his former Kindneſſes by making me Offers of ſomething greater. I began to be very uneaſie at his daily Im-

Importunities, and promiſed my ſelf a ſpeedy deliverance from them: However, I was reſolved to ſtay till I had tried for an opportunity of ſending to you, which in a ſhort time preſented it ſelf; for having made enquiry, I at laſt heard of a Perſon going to the very Town. I writ a Letter to you, and gave it to him, and with it a great deal of Caution, how, and to whom he delivered it. I deſired him, if you were not there, to bring it back again, and told him, I would wait where I was for his return, which I accordingly did; and in a few Days he came back, and, with my Letter, brought me the following Account, *viz.* that you had been in great danger of Death, but that you were recovered, and gone from thence, but no body could tell where. This gave me new Diſ-

quiets, and I much feared ſome deſperate deſign. In the mean time, the Gentleman already mentioned gave me many reaſons to ſuſpect a growing Love. But I, who knew how much I had ſuffered upon ſuch an occaſion, was reſolved to prevent every thing of that nature for the future; and therefore, one Night, when he was out of the way, I went to his Aunt, and told her, my Reception in her Houſe had been ſo very kind, and the Obligations I had met with ſo great, that I muſt have a Soul black with Ingratitude ſhould I be guilty of the leaſt Action that could make her uneaſy; *and therefore, Madam*, ſaid I, *I am come to beg your conſent for leaving this place to Morrow, which is the only method I can take that will contribute to your quiet.* She ſeem'd very much ſurpriz'd at my

ſud-

ſudden Reſolution, and preſs'd me mightily to know the cauſe. I made no great difficulty of gratifying her deſire, but told her, I had ſome reaſon to fear her Nephew had Thoughts which might be very much to his diſadvantage; and that if ſhe were willing to conſent to his Deſires, yet was not I in a condition to give my ſelf away; and ſince, ſaid I, it is impoſſible for us to anſwer one anothers Wiſhes, the wiſeſt way will be to part in time. She, who conſidered the ill conſequences of our being together, at laſt, with ſome unwillingneſs, gave me leave to go, and told me, ſhe heartily wiſhed that nothing had ever happened to part us. The next Day I ſet out; and when I took my laſt leave of my generous Benefact'reſs, ſhe gave me a conſiderable ſupply of Money to carry me

where I thought fit. I left that place, and was resolved to go to the next Town; and with the Money she had given me I intended to hire a Messenger to go again in quest of you; but Fate, which sometimes brings Good out of Evil, sent me in the way of some lawless Persons, who robb'd me of my Money, and, for fear of being discovered, took me along with them; and, for three Days, made me take up with their Food (which was very indifferent) and travel their pace: At last I grew so weak that I could go no further, and then they left me in a condition as bad as ever.

After I had for some Hours sate still, and recovered new Spirits I got up, and went forward: I met with several People, of whom I asked the Name of the Country I was in, but could not understand

their

their Anſwers: At laſt I came to a Town, and by meer chance met with one of my own Countrymen, who told me where I was. I asked him many Queſtions, at a diſtance, concerning your Family, and had an account of every body but you. The Man was very civil, and took a World of pains to teach me the Language of the place I was in, and promiſed to recommend me to a Friend of his near that Town; but my Diſquiets were ſo great that I could not reſt any where, but was always in a moving poſture; and about three Days ſince I found out that Wood where you met with me, and thither did I every Day go to ſpend that time which hung ſo heavily on my hands.

Yeſterday I heard two Men talking together, and tho' I could not well underſtand them, yet I pick'd out

out as much from what they said, as serv'd to inform me, that somebodies ruine was intended. I heard something of a Bottle of Poyson, and heard one say to the other, *If they live I cannot ; and if thou canst but dispatch one of them for me, thou wilt make me thine for ever ; if not, I will not live, for I have a Hell in my Breast when I think they are to be happy.* The other bid him depend upon his performance, and told him, their Lives and his Trouble should end in a few Hours. They said a great deal more, which I could either not hear or not understand ; but one of them, with the Promise the other had made him, went away very well satisfied, and left his Companion in the Wood, who, as soon as he was gone, Whistled, which brought a Woman from among the Trees, with whom he had

had a long Diſcourſe; but they ſpoke ſo low that I could not make any thing of what they ſaid. At laſt they came directly where I was, and, with a threatning Look, asked me what I did there. I was verily perſwaded they would kill me, for fear I ſhould diſcover their Deſign, tho' I knew not the Perſons they were aim'd at: However, I thought all pretences of that kind would be vain, and therefore took another courſe to ſave my Life, which I did by feigning my ſelf Deaf. The Man would have ſecur'd me from telling Tales, but the Woman ſaid, *No, ſince ſhe has not heard us we will only ſtrip her and leave her*; which accordingly ſhe did: and having pull'd off my Cloaths, ſhe gave me her Rags in the room of them, the which you found

found me in. When they had gotten all they could they went away, and I returned to the Town, tatter'd as I was; and having neither Money nor Friends, was forced to be content with the exchange.

I thought there was no great danger of being ſtript any more, and therefore venrured into the ſame place again, which was decreed for that of my deliverance from all my precedent Torments. And thus have I briefly given you an Account of all that has happen'd to me ſince I ſaw you till this time.

Elvira, who had given the greateſt attention, declared her ſatisfaction for *Clara*'s content; and they mutually vow'd an everlaſting Friendſhip for each other.

Lo-

Lorenzo told *Octavio* he hoped he would now be easie, and resolve to spend some time with them, free from his accustomed sadness. *Yes*, said he, *the Cause is removed, and of consequence the effects must cease: And I have reaped so much benefit from the pains you took to detain me here, that I shall never dispute your Commands; but, whenever you think fit to lay them upon me, I shall, with all readiness, obey.* While they were thus discoursing, *Elvira*'s Maid came in with the News of *Sebastian*'s Death, occasion'd by himself, who when he found his Projects against *Lorenzo* and his Cozen fail'd, was resolv'd to keep his Word and live no longer; and with the very Fellow to that Bottle which he design'd for them, he ended his own wicked Life.

Elvira,

Elvira, tho' she did not delight in Cruelty, yet was she not much concern'd for the Fate of *Sebastian*, who had so industriously sought her destruction, but was very glad he had put a stop to all her Fears. *This*, said she to *Clara*, *is the Person you heard in the Wood, a fuller Account of whom you shall have anon.* When this News came it made a new face in the whole Family: *Elvira*'s dreadful apprehensions were at an end; *Lorenzo*'s Fury was appeased; and *Emilia* put on a joyful Countenance; all things were now changed for the better, and our Lovers were resolved to compleat their own happiness, by giving themselves to one another.

Elvira therefore, by *Lorenzo*'s importunity, dispatch'd away a Servant to her Father, with a Letter; and in a few Days he himself brought

brought her an Anſwer of it: He came with the greateſt Joy to ſee his Daughter's Nuptials celebrated. And while Preparations were making for them, *Octavio*, who was not permitted to go till they were over, writ to his Siſter for Intelligence from home; and ſent her word how accidentally he had found his *Clara*; and forgot not to let her know, that her old Friend *Lorenzo* was well; and that he and *Clara* were both at his Houſe. In a little time after he had an Anſwer from her with the following Account, *viz.* that her Father had, from the Day he left him, never enjoyed one quiet Hour, but had liv'd in perpetual Torment; and, after a lingring waſte, he at laſt gave up Life. And tho' he would never confeſs that his own Cruelty was the cauſe of his Illneſs, yet his dying Words made a plain

plain discovery that his Sufferings sprung from the same Fountain, which had yielded such bitter drink for his Children. About an Hour before he died he called her to him, and taking her by the Hand, *Leonora*, said he, *can you forgive your dying Father?* and, without staying for an Answer, turn'd from her and cry'd, *Oh* Octavio! *Oh* Clara! and then died. This was chiefly the Sum of *Leonora*'s Letter, save that she told him of her Joy for his good Success in meeting with *Clara*, whom she thought dead, and how much she longed to see them both. *Octavio*, tho' he had been used with all the barbarity in the World by his Father, yet was he most sensibly touch'd for his Death, or rather for his manner of dying: But Time, that wears out all things, wore out his Trouble too; and

he

he told *Clara*, he had it in his Power now to make her ſome amends for her Sufferings; and the next Day being intended to put an end to the expectations of *Lorenzo* and *Elvira*, they reſolved to make one work of it, and compleat their own Happineſs too.

How they ſlept that Night I will not pretend to determine, but the next Morning, by the help of a Prieſt, and a joint Conſent of all Parties, they gave their Hands, whoſe Hearts had been long united to each other. And if we may gueſs at the future by the preſent, which is very ſeldom allow'd, we may conclude them a brace of very happy Pairs.

When time had finiſhed what thoſe Lovers long had wiſhed for, *Octavio* began to think of returning home again with his dear *Clara*; but *Gonſalvo*, who was pleaſed

pleaſed with the Company, as well as the Story of thoſe two ſuffering Lovers, did, with the greateſt importunity, at laſt prevail with them to go with him to his own Houſe, where, in a little time, he intended to be, with his Son and Daughter, and *Emilia*. They ſtaid not long before they began to prepare for their Journey, tho' the Weather put a ſtop for ſome time to it. At laſt it grew more favourable, and they ſet forward. And now, as I have given the Reader an Account of the *Treacherous Portugueze*; ſo will I, in the next place, let him know what became of the *Falſe Friend*, the baſe *Alvarea*.

When our Company of Lovers and Friends had made a Days Progreſs in their Journey, towards Night, their Way lay between two Hills, which had always been noted

ted for a harbourer of Thieves and Murderers: however, their number kept them from any apprehensions of danger, and they boldly ventur'd through; but when they came towards the middle of this place they saw, as they thought, a Man lie Dead: *Gonsalvo*, who was next to him, alighted from his Horse, and when he had examined a little nearer, he found it to be the remains of his old Acquaintance, the ungenerous *Alvarea*. This sight rais'd a Pity in *Gonsalvo*, answerable to that sweetness of Temper which he was always Master of: And he no longer look'd upon him as a Man that had used him with the greatest unfairness, but as one that was once his Friend indeed; and as one that was still his Fellow-Creature, and whose present Circumstances call'd aloud for help. He therefore lifted him up, to find

out,

out, if poſſible, the cauſe of his inſenſibility, and with ſtirring him, diſplaced a Handkerchief which he had thruſt into a large Wound to ſtop the Blood; the which, when out, gave way to a whole ſluce of it; and *Gonſalvo* thought it impoſſible for his beſt endeavours to contribute towards his Life: But notwithſtanding the ſmall hopes they had of preſerving him, they left nothing untried that they thought would accompliſh the charitable Work they were about. They ſtopt the Wound again with the greateſt Care; and becauſe they fear'd a Horſe would, with his ſloweſt Motion, be too ſevere for his weak Body, they took him up between them, and, with a great deal of pains, conveyed him to the next Town; when they had him there they got him to Bed, and ſent away for an able Surgeon, who lived within three

Miles

Miles of the place they were at, and accordingly came and dreſs'd his Wound; but ſaid, it was impoſſible for all Mankind to ſave his Life. After he was dreſs'd and laid warm, and had ſome Cordials forced down his Throat, he came a little to himſelf, and opened his Eyes, tho' he took no notice of any body; in ſome Hours after he could ſpeak, and began to know *Gonſalvo* and *Elvira*: He looked with his poor old dying Eyes upon them both, and ſaid, Fortune was doubly cruel to puniſh him for the only Fault he had ever been guilty of; and then to make the offended Perſons witneſſes to his Fall. *Oh! Gonſalvo*, ſaid he, *I have now met with that Juſtice which ought to have come from no hand but yours; becauſe I never did that thing that could deſerve it from any other Creature. But*

becauſe you would not revenge your own Wrong, Juſtice has ſent a ſeverer Executioner to do it for you: And I have lived long enough to ſee how hateful a Creature a Falſe Friend *is.*

What you did to me, ſaid the Generous *Gonſalvo, I have long ſince forgiven: And I had much rather ſee you live to repent of what you have done, than die for the expiation of your fault: And I wiſh it were in my power to let you ſee how ſerviceable I would be to you; but I fear it is now too late: However, if you have ſtrength enough to ſupport you, I would gladly know how you came into this condition, and by whoſe Hand you have been ſo barbarouſly uſed.* Oh! ſaid *Alvarea, how hard is it to make you a witneſs of my Folly? And how juſtly may you ſay, I have been ſerved as I deſerve, when you hear the*

the Story I have to tell: Yet you shall hear all my Misfortunes; and tho' you have the leaſt reaſon for it, yet I am ſure you will pity me, when you are inform'd of the hard meaſure I have had. When you had ſurpriz'd me in the villanous deſign I had againſt the fair Elvira, *whoſe powerful Charms prevail'd againſt my Reaſon. You well remember (no doubt) the ſhameful retreat I made upon a more ſhameful occaſion; and becauſe I knew I could not juſtifie my fault, I never went about it, but got home as faſt as I could; and ſate me down to conſider, where I ſhould go to hide my ſelf from all that knew me. I was very ſure my Folly would ſpread it ſelf all over the Country; and I expected nothing but ſcorn and reproach from every body, as the juſt return of what I had done. I had a Brother living within ten Miles*

of this place, and thither, with all speed I prepared to go. This Brother had a Son, of whom I was extreamly fond; and for whom I did more than even he himself desired at that time: But before I had been there six Months my Brother died; and whether he depended upon me to make his Son's Fortune, seeing me so fond of him, or what other reason he had for it, I know not; but he left (contrary to the expectation of most People) all he possibly could, to a Daughter he had married; which was so great a disappointment to the Son, that it threw him into a deep Melancholy, even to the danger of losing his Senses; and I who had the greatest love for him, did all I could to divert his grand concern; and told him, all I had should at my Death be his; and till then, said I, *my Purse shall be at your dispose, and*

you

you ſhall command it at your pleaſure. Uncle, ſaid he, *what you have offer'd is very kind, and infinitely more than either I expected or deſerve from you; but I have a greater cauſe for my uneaſineſs than you know of; and ſuch a one as will, I fear, ſtick too cloſe to me. That*, ſaid I, *is your fault, if you have a Trouble and keep it conceal'd; let me but know it, and if I have a power to remove it you may depend upon it that I will; and I cannot but think that you have uſed me ill in making any thing a ſecret to me. Oh! do not*, ſaid he, *lay a Fault to my charge, which I am not guilty of: I have often wiſhed, you knew what ſtill I wanted Courage to tell you. Nor is there any Creature upon Earth I love ſo well except one Woman, whom I ought to hate, tho' it is not in my power: And this is the ſecret which I have*

so long, against my Will, kept from your knowledge. It is true, I love her to distraction, and she always declared a Passion for me: But since my Father died she looks with the greatest indifference upon me, and slights and scorns my Love. This is it which racks my Soul, and makes me almost mad. I know I cannot live without her; and I know as well she will and does reject me.

I have, said I, *always promised to be a Father to you, and you shall see that I can keep my word: Go to her, and try how far you can move her; bid her call to mind all her old Promises, and remember how much you have done and suffered for her: Tell her, you will double your Care and Diligence to make amends for your want of Fortune; and that you have an Uncle both willing and able to do you good:*

And

And if this will not move her, try to ſhake her off : Learn to ſcorn a Woman that can love and hate at pleaſure.

Oh ! ſaid he, *I have done all that Man could do, I have try'd all ways and means to perſwade her to reaſſume her former kindneſs ; nay, ſo far have I preſumed upon your goodneſs, that before you gave me leave I made her an offer of your Eſtate. And what,* ſaid I, *did ſhe ſpurn at that, does her Ambition run higher than ſuch an offer. No,* ſaid he, *ſhe was well enough pleaſed with that, but did not believe me ; and told me, till I brought it confirm'd by your Hand, I muſt never ſee her more. This,* ſaid he, *is my caſe ; and now is the time to ſhow that love which you have always profeſſed to me. Do but make a Settlement upon me of your Eſtate, after your Death,*

and

and then the cruel fair one will be kind.

To this I made a ſtop, and was not very willing to comply. I did not think it prudence to give away all at demand; and therefore told my Nephew it was a Point that required a little conſideration: But, ſaid I, *ſince you are ſo far gone that you cannot live without this Woman, you ſhall yet make her one Propoſal more; let her Fortune be what it will, tell her, I will double the Sum; and it ſhall all be ſetled upon her. Alas!* ſaid he, *ſhe has no Fortune, tho' ſhe ſtands ſo much upon mine. And of all Creatures upon Earth I know ſhe ought to be my Averſion; but when a Man is laid under a neceſſity of being Wretched and a Fool, what Method muſt he take to draw himſelf out of ſuch pernicious Circumſtances. I have no other way but to apply my ſelf to you*

you for help; and if you go back from the Promise you have made me, of being my Father, nay, more than my Father, I must submit to my Fate, and be content for a few Days, which will be the extent of my Life to bear unexpressible Torments.

No, said I, *thou shalt never die while I have a power to keep thee alive, give me a Pen and Ink, and I will let thee see that I am in love as well as thou art; and that thy Quiet is as dear to me as that ungrateful proud Woman is to thee.* Upon which he ran, *without giving me time to cool, and provided me with Implements for my own destruction.*

As soon as he return'd I took the Pen and gave him an undeniable Title to all that I was Master of: When he had gotten a Promise of all that I could give him, that is, after

my Death, he went with the joyful News to his Love; and at his return seem'd ten times more discomposed than ever. I who had always an Eye open towards him, soon found by his Looks that all was not right; and therefore made enquiry into his new disturbance, but found that all I could say was lost, and I could not find out the bottom of his design or uneasiness. He made frequent Visits to this Woman, and never fail'd to come from her without distraction in his Looks to the greatest degree.

One Day he came to me, and told me, she was gone from home to a Friend's House, and asked me if I would go with him to see her. I told him, I could not look upon her with any esteem, because I did believe she was a Woman of no Worth, and therefore desired him to go without me; but he was still eager

to

to have me go; and I always ready and willing to gratifie his Inclinations in every thing; and therefore at last I consented to go with him. We set out in an ill Hour, and, he (as my Convoy) went first, till he brought me to that place where you found me; and when he saw the Coast clear, he told me, he had a Work to do which was very ungrateful to him, but that nevertheless it must be done. What is it? said I, *who never once had the least suspicion of what he intended to do. You have,* said he, *without doubt, often taken notice of my disorder, which has been occasioned by what I am now to do. You have, it is true, given me all you have, but not till after your Death: This I have communicated to her I love, and she will not have me till you are dead; and tho' it is with the greatest reluctance that I go about such a Work,*

Work, yet, Uncle, said he, *you must die.*

This news, as it was the most unwelcome, so was it the most unlooked for; and I could not forbear reproaching him after this manner: Is it possible, said I, *that you can be so overloaded with Ingratitude, to make me such a return for all my Love; and because I have done more for you than your own Father did to save your Life, will you be so barbarously cruel to take mine? What Request did you ever make to me that I refused you? Have I not given you all my Wealth, and will not that content you without my Life too? Inhumane Wretch,* said I, *take that Life thou so much covetest: I never did refuse thee any thing, nor will I now: Thy baseness has put me out of love with Life, and I had rather die than live; therefore,* said I, *make haste*

haſte and execute thy black deſign, that I may at once be rid of Life and thee. Your Reproaches, ſaid he, *are juſtly placed, and you do not condemn me more than I do my ſelf, for an Act which I know before I commit it will make me miſerable both here and hereafter; therefore give me a Pardon for what I do, ſince it is Fate's inevitable Decree, and wholly out of my own power to hinder both our Ruines. With that laſt word he drew out a Poinard, which he brought for that purpoſe, and without any more words ſheath'd it in my Breaſt. As ſoon as he had compleated the Work he did me the favour to drop a Tear or two, and ſo left me as you found me; only I thruſt my Handkerchief into my Wound to ſtop the Blood, which ran out apace; the loſs of which, at laſt, deprived me of my Senſes:*

But while I lay wallowing in that sad condition, how often did I reflect upon the Justice of Heaven, that had so severely revenged my Falseness and Ingratitude to you, tho' I did not suppose I should ever have seen you more. But since I have one happy Hour left in which to make my Peace with you; let me not lose it, but go about that work, which if left undone, must add to my Pangs at my last gasp.

I know my expiring Minutes are approaching, which will be doubly welcome when you have sign'd my Pardon your self, and have procured the same from the Beautiful Elvira; *the which, when done, will purchase for me a quiet Lodging in my Grave.*

Here he stopt, and lived to hear the grieved *Gonsalvo* and *Elvira* express their Concern as well as Pardon; and then he grew faint

and

and pale, and in a clammy cold Sweat expired.

When he was dead, *Gonſalvo*, not like one that had met with ill uſage, but like a true Friend, took care of his Funeral, and appear'd a hearty Mourner at it himſelf; and then made it his next care to find out the ungracious Nephew and his wicked Wife, which was not hard to do; and when he had found them he ſtir'd not till he brought them to condign Puniſhment; and as he ſtaid to ſee the Uncle decently Interr'd, ſo he ſtaid to ſee his Murderers hanged. From whence he went to his own Houſe with his Company: And as ſoon as the thoughts of the laſt ſad Scene was a little over, they ſpent their time as agreeably as ſo much good Company together could be expected to do. And after a Month given

up

up wholly to Mirth, *Octavio* and his beloved *Clara* began their Journey home, where, in a little time, they safely arrived.

And now I have brought them into a happy posture I will take my leave of them.

F I N I S.